

ADVERTISEMENTS
INSERTED
ON LIBERAL TERMS
JOB PRINTING
EVERY DESCRIPTION
GOLD, AND COLORS
NEATLY EXECUTED ON
SHORT NOTICE

Gallipolis Journal.

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."—JEFFERSON.
Volume XXIX. GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, OCTOBER 28, 1864. Number 49.

Gallipolis Journal.
R. L. STEWART,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED PARTICULARLY TO
THE INTERESTS OF
GALLIA COUNTY.
At \$2.00 invariably in advance.

From the Press.
A VOICE FROM THE ARMY.
Turn—Just before the battle, Mother.
Just before the election, brothers.
We are thinking most of you.
While in picket or in trenches,
"With the enemy in view."
Bravely we have fought and suffered,
And with wounds and fever died,
That the bright, tri-colored banner,
Still may float in stately pride.
Chorus—
Listen, brothers, you may never
Hear from us in life again,
But oh! you'll not forget us, brothers,
If we're numbered with the slain.
Every night in dreams we see you,
In those pleasant, smiling features,
Where the peaceful dawn of morning
Brings no stirring roll of drums,
And it costs a pang of sorrow
That ungrateful men there be,
Who would sell their country's honor,
And her soldiers' liberty.
Chorus—
Tell them we can face the bullets,
That their "southern friends" shall
Hear and—
But oh! we'll not forget them, brothers,
When this "red war" shall end,
All along the rebel earthworks,
We have seen your faces, brothers,
You will come before us in triumph,
But "McClellan" was the word,
Think of that, ye Northern voters,
Will ye follow such traitors?
Ask our fallen comrades' widows,
They will tell you how to vote.
Chorus—
Soldiers' mothers, weeping mothers,
Raise imploring hands to you,
And oh! you'll not forget them, brothers,
And destroy their country too.
For the widows keep their pity,
We are soldiers, and can bear
All the hardships of the struggle,
And have courage, yet to spare,
And we ask no more helpings
At the ship of State than ye
Who have paid, and eloquent, and fed us,
As the Army of the Free.
Chorus—
Back! it is the bugle sounding,
Grant still fight as we used to do,
But oh! we'll not forget those traitors,
When this cloudy war is o'er.
A. F. K.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY
ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER,
1864.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—The World's special correspondent with Sheridan, under date of the 19th, sends the following. Your agent is indebted to the publishers for advance slips:—
On every morning of the present week but this, the troops had been in readiness at daybreak for the attack which the information furnished by our scouts led us to expect. The precaution which proved unnecessary before was for some reason this morning omitted, the apprehensions of another attack having died away. The army was posted along the north bank of Cedar Run. The army of Western Virginia, on the left of the Winchester and Strasburg pike, its extreme left resting on the Shenandoah; the 19th corps on the center, or right of the pike; the 6th corps on the right. In the absence of Gen. Sheridan, who was just returning from Washington on a visit, and who slept in Winchester last night, Gen. Wright commanded the army. Gen. Ripke held in command of the 6th corps. The dense mist enveloping the country favored the enemy's designs. On the previous night, Gen. Early had passed three divisions of infantry—Pegram's, Gordon's and Ramseur's divisions were at a concealed point, threatening our extreme left. The two remaining divisions, Wharton's and Kershaw's, were moved from Fisher's Hill along the pike, threatening our center.
Shortly before daylight this morning, while our army dreamless of danger, was soundly sleeping, a faint picket assault was made on our right. The rapid and continuous discharge of sentinels' muskets extended along our front toward the left, when suddenly the rebel infantry advanced against General Crook's position. I solid columns, pouring a fierce fire on the flank and front. Only a portion of our troops manned the breastworks when the assault commenced. It was so energetic and deadly as to break the lines at once. The men of both divisions were swept from their breastworks into which the enemy came flooding like the sea. They entered the encampments in the rear of the works where the soldiers had scarcely awakened, and were actually rising from their blankets.
To save the artillery at the breastworks became the desperate object when the assault was first discovered, but the nature of the ground rendered this next to impossible. Battery B, 6th Pennsylvania, of six guns, was captured entire. By superhuman efforts, all but one gun of the 5th Regular battery was saved, leaving seven guns in the hands of the enemy. In the meanwhile the enemy still advanced, completely turning the left flank of the army, and were hearing the whole above.
The entire army was by this time aroused. Wagons, ambulances and artillery were making for the rear. The 19th corps, which had stood firm during the assault on Crook, now found itself confronted by the 24th

vision of the enemy, which had moved up the pike and attacked it fiercely in front and flank with musketry and artillery.
Colonel McCauley's brigade, of the 2d division on the left, swung out of its front to receive the flank fire of the foe. The assault increased in fierceness, and the whole division reformed itself to meet the shock. The rebels advancing, mounted the breastworks in its front, and with withering volleys forced it back in retreat. The entire 19th corps, abandoning all its works, now fought retreating, and partially broken; the left of the army completely turned; half of the army of Western Virginia flying in dismay through the fog; its camps and the greater part of its camp material in the possession of the enemy. The remnant, together with part of the provisional division, and Col. Kitching, which had been camped in the rear, fighting still for the possession of the pike. The 19th corps fighting more or less stubbornly, falling back and constantly losing in stragglers. The entire country about Middleton, and beyond in the rear, became populated with demoralized soldiery. The crack of the rebel musketry was creeping further up on the left toward Middleton, hurrying the flight of wagons, ambulances and caissons. The shells and explosion of the enemy's shells from the batteries planted in front of the 19th corps was heard, and appearances of defeat and impending disaster were visible almost everywhere, and might have shaken the hope of fanaticism itself. Gen. Wright, with whom it was left to organize the plan which should change this dismal aspect of things, was not a whit discouraged.
The moment that the army of West Virginia and the 19th corps were found to be defiantly falling back he sent an order to begin a movement that never yet, on any field, has been achieved without the greatest difficulty. The 6th corps on the right was ordered to change front, swing around and stem the torrent. Scarcely a minute elapsed when its columns were seen moving majestically by the left flank straight into the heart of the conflict, opening a moment for the passage of the stragglers through its line, and closing up again before the assaults that still had not been stayed. Like the willow withers as the tempest struck, it bent but did not break. For a moment at least, the career of the rebels in the center was brought to a pause. The artillery of the corps unlimbering close to the rear, threatened its answer to their shells. This brilliant movement could not, however, check the advance of the foe on the left. Some of their cavalry had already penetrated into Middleton, capturing a portion of Gen. Crook's ambulance train, and is reported as seriously wounding Col. Thoburn, of the 2d division of that command. Their infantry had swung around, and were just passing above. Merritt's, Powers' and Custar's divisions of cavalry were withdrawn from the right and sent to stem the disastrous advance.
After the check of the enemy in the center, the lines of the 6th and 19th corps reformed, the 6th on the left and the 19th on the right of that. It was found necessary to withdraw the whole line for some distance, in order to connect with the cavalry, who were just advancing to drive the enemy from the pike on the left, and hold the field at that point. This retrograde movement was not accomplished without loss. The enemy followed it up closely and vengeance. Their bullets rained in upon the artillerymen to move their guns to the rear. The guns were fought splendidly. They fought everywhere until the last moment, when it was found they could not be removed. Two of Captain Stevens' guns were lost, 2 of Lamb's, 1 of McKnight's and 2 of Adams'. Captain Adams, with a corporal and man, stood by this piece when all other support had left and until every horse was shot and the corporal and man shot down beside him. Col. Tompkins, Chief of Artillery, while assisting the removal of some of the guns of Cowan's Battery, was slightly wounded by a musket ball.
The infantry were also suffering heavily, particularly in officers, when the lines had reached a crest just to the right and rear of Middleton, where the second stand was made, and where two terrific charges of the enemy were repulsed. Nearly every field officer in the First division of the 6th corps was wounded. General Ripke, commanding the corps, had been so badly wounded that he was forced to leave the field. General Bidwell, commanding the Third Brigade Second division, was mortally wounded by a shell, which tore his left shoulder to pieces and shattered the left arm of Capt. Orr, one of his aides. Colonel Hamlin, commanding the 1st Brigade, Upton's, 1st Division, was wounded in two places, through the thigh and shoulder, but did not leave the field until P. M. General Getty, commanding the 2d Division, had his horse shot under

him. General Wright, commanding the army, had been slightly wounded in the chin. The 19th Corps also suffered severely.
The battle line of infantry reformed on the crest alluded to, just after General Torbert, with the cavalry, had swept on the left, pitching into the enemy in that direction of the pike; and establishing and holding his own against some of the fiercest shelling ever showered on our devoted soldiers. At this time—10 A. M.—though the appearance of things in the rear was that not generally seen in the rear of a victorious army, and though appearance of retreat prevailed along some parts of the line, in front the army had so far won a victory over its opening disaster as to have disposed a consistent and widely front toward its foe, holding its own in the main against further attack. The result of the contest was otherwise gloomy. We had been surprised and driven out of a splendid position; had lost very heavily in prisoners; had lost 24 pieces of artillery; 34 ambulances, including all the medical wagons and medical supplies of the 19th Corps, and several headquarters wagons. We had yielded more than two miles of the battlefield to the enemy. Many of our finest officers were killed or disabled, and the killed and wounded lay thick around. The enemy, relinquishing the attack, contented himself with the lively use of artillery.
At it is moment a faint cheer reached along the line in the rear General Sheridan, who had ridden post haste from Winchester, was approaching. His appearance created wild enthusiasm. Beginning at the left of the line, he rode along the whole front of the army, waving his hat amid cheers.
The retreat stopped in an instant. From that time till three P. M. every nerve was strained to get the army into the offensive, and at 3 o'clock the whole army, the 6th Corps in the center, the 19th Corps on the right, and Crook's command on the left, Merritt's cavalry division on the extreme left, and Custar's division on the extreme right, made a magnificent, irresistible charge, which swept the enemy off the face of the earth before it even began to fight.
The enemy had actually begun to throw up breastworks and was preparing to go into camp when this charge was made. He was driven back at double quick through Middleton, across Cedar Run where he came from, and thence pursued by our cavalry through and beyond Strasburg.
Forty-three pieces of his artillery and some of the guns taken from us during the day, were captured at Strasburg; also over one hundred wagons and ambulances, and caissons innumerable. The rebel General Ramseur was captured in an ambulance, seriously if not mortally wounded.
Probably 1,000 prisoners were picked up along the road. Two hours of daylight would have given us the rebel army almost entire. Any just estimate of our loss, or of the enemy's, at present, would be impossible. The army is ordered to move against the enemy at 5 P. M. to-morrow.

PRISONERS PAROLED TO
SERVE UNDER GENERAL
MCCLELLAN.
We print, as follows, an important statement, not new to the public, but in its present shape, attested by the law, and sworn and subscribed to by a Union soldier before respectable and well known witnesses, its value as an index is great. Whatever may be thought of General McClellan, it cannot be disputed that even the most inveterate rebel desires his election to the Presidency. The meanness and folly of the act which a Union soldier's solemn oath puts upon record below are far exceeded by the cruelty with which our soldiers have been treated in the prisons of the South; and perhaps we shall realize that after all, to use an old idea, knaves are nothing more than fools by a kind of circumbendibus.
Montgomery County, ss.
Personally appeared before me, a justice of the peace in and for said county, Franklin Schwenk, of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, and State of Pennsylvania, a private of Company H, 13th Reg't Pennsylvania Cavalry, who, on his solemn oath, deposes and says, that on the 9th day of March, 1864, he was taken prisoner near Bristol Station, Va., and conveyed to Belle Isle prison, and from thence to General Hospital No. 21, in Richmond, that on the last day of August, 1864, the Director of said hospital, waited on him, and proposed to parole him, and to permit him to return home if he would promise to vote for George W. McClellan at the approaching Presidential election; that he, the said Franklin Schwenk, in order to escape from starvation and rebel atrocity, did make said promise, and therefore

was paroled. The said Franklin Schwenk further says, under his solemn oath, that all prisoners of said hospital who frankly and positively said they would vote for Abraham Lincoln, were not paroled, but retained in said hospital.
FRANKLIN SCHWENK,
Witness present: Dr. Warren Boyer, Samuel Pennybacker.
Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 10th day of October, 1864.
HENRY W. KAAS,
Justice of the Peace.
Will men who declare their faith in the U. S. still doubt that the best way to serve the ruinous purposes of the rebels is to vote that faction into power which made General McClellan's nomination unanimous?

HINTS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.
We are rejoiced to see the renewed spirit of confidence and enthusiasm now pervading the councils of the friends of the Union. The apathy which alarmed us in the beginning is gradually giving place to courage and energy. Our friends know that they can win this campaign, and they determined to give the victory all the glow and fervor of unprecedented and annihilating success. We do not see that corresponding spirit of energy among our leaders. They prefer to hold back and lag, and forget that there is a duty to their country even greater than they owe to themselves. Of this, however, we do not complain. The people have taken the canvass in their own hands, and those who have hitherto led us may remain at home. There are one or two things that should be observed in the management of this canvass, and our readers will think us for calling them to their attention.
I. Make your war an offensive war. Do not waste time apologizing for the Administration, but take the high ground that the Administration as the guardian of the public safety in a time of unprecedented danger, has so managed the greatest war in modern history that the rebellion has been almost crushed, our position as a nation maintained in the face of an anxious and angry world, and our finances in such a condition of health that we can meet our vast debt and renewed taxes, labor and trade are prosperous and the people are happy.
II. Do all to strengthen and enlighten the soldier. Make him feel the love and sympathy of those at home, and teach him as far as possible the duty of sustaining the Government against the intrigues of an infamous party, and the aspirations of an ambitious and reckless soldier.
III. Never cease to show the utter falsity and deceit of the Democratic party, as represented by its platform of peace and its candidate of war. Dwell upon the intrigues that have been made to accomplish this swindle. The evidence on this point is overwhelming. Dwell upon it, repeat it, circulate it, show it to neighbor and friend, and the honest members of the party will be compelled to see their conscience, or repudiate the leaders with disgust.
IV. Be calm and earnest in the exercise of your personal rights, and do not permit the passions of the hour to cause extravagance or passion. The majesty of our cause needs no such excitement, and we can well leave them to a desperate and vindictive enemy.
V. Above all things, organize. Let there be an immediate thorough organization, embracing every man, woman, and child. Let your organizations multiply and repeat themselves, until every friend of the Union shall find an association where sympathy and harmony prevail. The young men should parade; the old men should counsel and advise; the children should sing songs. We can give our righteous cause enthusiasm, and thus send comfort and energy through whole Union line.
VI. Let the Union men of every county patronize the county news paper. Strengthen the hands of the editor by new subscriptions, frequent suggestions and communications, and words of encouragement. Send him brief, crisp articles, and though they may not be printed fully, ideas will come to him to be reshaped and scattered everywhere.
By counsel, co-operation, confidence, an earnest love of country, and a zealous determination that no means shall be spared to swell the coming triumph, we shall achieve the greatest political victory of our history. Let us remember that at this time a political victory is of as much importance as a triumph in the field, for if we fall at home all our efforts in the field will be vain and worthless. It is not enough that we elect ABRAHAM LINCOLN. We must elect him by the vote of every free State. We do not particularly care for a triumph that gives us the mere possession of office; we must have a triumph that will unite us before the world, and show that we are one and indivisible, inseparable in our determination to crush the rebellion, and prevent the interference of foreign power. Friends, we can gain such a victory, shall we do it?—PASS.

The Southern press since the nomination of Abraham Lincoln in 1861 has been unceasing in its vituperation and abuse. No relation in his private life has been too sacred to escape their calumny. Yet the Copperhead press of the North has found a lower depth. For months past they have teemed with foul-mouthed billingsgate, too abominably gross and vulgar for even the Richmond papers to copy. Lately they have coined the mean, sneaking lie that Abraham Lincoln drew his salary in gold, whilst the farmer and laborer were obliged to take "rags."
Gen. Spinner, the United States Treasurer, under date of 16th Oct. writes as follows:
WASHINGTON, Oct. 16, 1864.
The salary of the President is paid on warrant drafts on the Treasury for the amount due, less income tax. These warrants are paid him regularly monthly. Instead of drawing his money on these drafts, he has been in the habit of leaving it a long time without interest. In one case his salary remained for eleven months. On several occasions I solicited the President to draw what was due him, arguing that he was losing largely in interest on the amount due him. He asked me, "Who gains my loss?" On my answering, "The United States," he hesitated. "Then, as it was for the good of the country, let it remain; the Treasury needs it more than I do."
"Having at length satisfied the President that it was necessary to the closing of my annual accounts that the drafts on the Treasury that he held should be presented and paid, he endorsed and handed them to me. I drew the amount in United States notes, and placed it to his credit as a temporary loan at 5 percent per annum, payable, principal and interest, in greenbacks. Since then his salary has been from time to time mostly invested in stocks of the United States, purchased at current rates by his friends for him. The interest of these stocks is payable in coin. When this interest became due, a rumor was spread that he was drawing it. Failing in so doing, the amount due him was sent him by Hon. J. C. Underwood, Judge of the United States Court, District of Virginia.

Yet these sneaking, white livered curs, endeavor to prejudice the public mind against Mr. Lincoln by asserting that he receives his salary in gold.
Judge Advocate General Holt has made a lengthy report to the War Department relative to the exposure of the Sons of Liberty. He exposes the whole plot of the conspirators, and stamps it as one of the most vile and infamous schemes ever concocted by a set of assassins and thieves. It is idle to longer doubt of the existence of this damnable order, this underground villainy, this conspiracy mean and contemptible, yet monstrously wicked, because armed against the life of the nation. Hitherto, Copperheads have sneered over the exposure of this conspiracy. They have not attempted to refute the facts as proven on the trial of Dodd, nor the evidence of Green Clay Smith. Ridicule was their only plan to drive off public attention. It is no longer available. The report of Gen. Holt, precludes all further ridicule, and bears the impress of truth upon its face. The high character of Judge Holt must give it weight before the people. His connection with the administration of old Buchanan, where amid corruption he remained pure, amid treason, loyal, gave him an insight into the workings of the Democracy which few men could have; and his eminent services in behalf of the Republic in her darkest hours, have so established him in the confidence of the people that something more than sneers and ridicule must come from the Copperhead press in order to remove the damning effect of this report upon the public mind. We regret that its length precludes us from publishing it in full.
Copperheads assert that the soldiers in the army will, to a great extent, support McClellan. Who did McClellan support? Judge Woodward, the notorious Copperhead candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, who decided, as one of the Supreme Judges of that State, that soldiers had no right to vote. Soldiers, will you vote for a man who endorsed Judge Woodward's decision, excluding you from a voice in the election of your rulers?

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL,
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN.,
October 18th, 1864.
DEAR SIR:—In order to let you know that I still "live," I write you a few lines this evening. I am now able to eat my "rations" three times a day, but can hardly walk across my room yet. I am very weak. I came very near coming home in a "box" this time; I was taken with pneumonia Sept. 14th, and the Doctors say that my strong constitution was all that saved me. My right lung (which proved to be "damaged" by that rebel bullet) became badly congested and "shot off" my breathing to a great extent. The facts for two weeks I suffered a thousand deaths. If I do not get a release I have the prospect now of getting well (sometime) I hope soon so I can take command of my regiment again. I have done my share of fighting (if it was going that way) but while I have health and strength, and an armed rebellion exists, I will be found in the field. I will not resign and go home to make Copperhead specialties like some have done. The old cowardly traitors, I hope they may catch the seven year itch, and get inhabited with all the kinds of lice in the world, lose all their "greenbacks" betting at faro, and die beggars.
Well, I hear good reports from Gallia; guess you went strong for the Union; Cincinnati Commercial says 1,000 majority in the county. I hope it is more. Hope Bundy beat Hutchins badly. I hope to be home to vote for old "Abe." I never felt so anxious about an election in my life. I am sure if Lincoln is elected the war will not last a year longer, if McClellan should be it would be war for four years any way. Any man who votes for McClellan and that peace platform votes a lory ticket—a real rebel ballot. Such men should be sent into the rebel lines where they could not enjoy the privileges of the Government they work so hard to destroy. If I had them to deal with they would not face as well as they do under Lincoln. He allows them to abuse him and the Government, and at the same time enjoy all the privileges that loyal people do. There must be a stop put to this or by the "Eternal" somebody will be hurt. Soldiers will not permit it much longer, and as soon as the "Copperhead" Government turns our country and flag in the North and west. I would rather shoot Vandigham, Long, Vorhees, Pendleton, (2) Woods, &c., to-day than a conscript in the rebel army; I would do my country more good. By the way I received a letter from—yes yesterday with a list of drafted men, among whom was my old friend Dr. Hannon and brother, together with many other "Butternuts." If I did not feel "hully" I am not capable of telling my feelings. I hope they will have to go (but not in the same crowd with the Union men that were drafted.) Well as my letter is to you perhaps "provokingly" long already, I will "halt." Receive my thanks for many past favors, and believe me to be
Truly yours, &c.,
J. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

A CARD.
The term for which the 192d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was accepted by the Secretary of War will soon terminate. It is probable, that within a few days, an order relieving us will be received. We feel unwilling to leave Gallipolis without an expression of gratitude to its citizens for many favors received at their hands, and many evidences of kind feeling shown by them. Before we reached the Post, and while we were really suffering from a scarcity of commissary stores, owing to the inclemency of the weather and heavy condition of the roads, the kindness of one man, Mr. William H. Langley, whose munificent liberality has so justly earned for him the name of the "Soldier's Friend," was manifested, and the wagon load of good, fresh bread and gingerbread sent out to us by him will not soon be forgotten by our men. Since our arrival the same spirit has been evinced. The favorable opinions expressed by many of you on several occasions in regard to our regiment are especially gratifying, as they afford a pleasing contrast to the expressions of dissatisfaction so often heard when a hungry soldier appropriates to his use an apple or an ear of corn. We will ever bear in grateful recollection of the many kindness shown to us during the period of our military service at the Post of Gallipolis.
On behalf of the officers and men.
October 18, 1864.
WILLIAM B. THOMAS, Colonel.
BENJAMIN L. TAYLOR, Lieut. Colonel.
CHARLES W. MCCLINTOCK, Major.
HENRY J. SNYDER, Major.
JAMES B. RONEY, Adjutant.
ISAAC J. CLARK, Surgeon.
RICHMOND M. KIRK, Assist. Surgeon.
ABRAHAM M. BARR, Assist. Surgeon.
JOHN J. FRANKLIN, Quartermaster.

Gallipolis, Oct. 18, 1864.
MR. STEWART:—On last election day there were three tickets found in the box printed on white silk ribbon. Now, I like to see things done up nicely, and have nothing to say against the silk tickets nor the Copperheads who voted them, one of whom I am told was H. M. Underwood, who is well known to be a gentleman of exquisite taste and refinement. Of course, he could not be blamed for voting a ticket different from that used by Mr. Stephen Curry or Mr. Buck. I think our trustees made a mistake in allowing these silk tickets to be mixed in the box with the tickets of common folks, and therefore take this method of requesting them, on the next election day to provide a suitable glass vase for the reception of these silk tickets, and have the officer who receives them wear a pair of white kid gloves, so that they may not be soiled by the tickets of "mudsills," or the fingers of some "greasy mechanics," taking them in at the window. Besides that, we could all get a sight of the tickets as they laid in their purity, and judge for ourselves how they corresponded with the political purity of the Copperhead party. Hurray for the Silk Ticket Democracy! Yours, J. B.

NASBY IS FINALLY DRAFTED.
Camp of the 78th Kansas Infantry,
Toledo, Oct. 17, 1862.
I am here, clad in the garb of slavery Nasby, clothed in a bob-tailed blue coat, a woolen shirt and blue pants, with a Oyster an musket in his hands, a good thro the coppers! Good heavens! what a spectacle!
The draft was over, and I that that worst I'd visit my native land. Gaily I slept aboard the core that was to carry me from British shores—gaily I say for my money had given out some weeks ago, and I had earned a precarious subsistence a sawn wood in partnership with a disreputable mulatto, and I look forward with ghoulish anticipations to the time when I should embrace Koolzer Jane, (the porter of my Buzzum), and keep my skin perpetually full, of the corkscrew of life, out of her wash money. Gayfully I sprang off the boat onto the war at Toledo, when a heavy hand was laid onto my shoulder. 'Twas a soldier! The forlorn conversation ensued.
"Wat wantest thou, my jentle friend?"
"On the ground of my conscription in the draft," sez he.
"Yoot mistake," sez I, "I'm a abolitionist—a emissary. I have bid a spredin the bred of life among the poor kuled brethern in Kanady and am jest returnin to run thro another lot. Let me pass I entreat thee, nor stay me in mi good work!"—(This wuz strategy.)
"Not much," sez he. "I know better. Yoot, a butternut!"
"How knowest thou?" sez I.
"Yoot nose," sez he. "That bucheus b-ckon like wuz never got out of spring water."
"Yoot knowledge uv men and things is too much fer me. I confess and surrender at discreashun—do with me ez thou wilt."
And he did. I wuz led cut to camp and wuz allowed to volunteer to fight against my conscription—against my brethern, who had taken up arms in a righteous cos. So be it. Hentzth the palm uv Nasby will shine in the list uv martyrs.
Amid the dark deep gloom that envelops me, wun ray uv light strikes me.—I have seen the clockmen returns, and wen I seed em I yelled halloo! My men, who is a dime-trav Linkin's tyrant, was a dime-trav, wuz a postmaster under Bookman, and wen removed by Linkin, didnt give up the balance uv money he had in hand, fearn twood be used to subvert our free institutions, hed a jubilee. We smuggled a bottle uv condiment sktasy, and celebratid muchly. "The North's redeemed!" shouted I. Let the Bagie scream yelled he. "The Quakers hev rotid!" shouted I. Abolishism dead! screamed he. "Dimocrasy's triunph!" I laft I, and so on, until after midnight, wher, completely eggstaggered, we sank into slumber, with a empty bottle atween us.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Almost every mail brings us advertisements from city agencies. All such we invariably decline, as we have more local advertising than we can find room for. Some of these city advertisements are of such a novel character that we copy them once as a right item. The following may prove interesting to the class who wish to marry, and we insert it "pro bono publico":—
MATRIMONIAL.—Ladies and Gentlemen: If you wish to marry, address the undersigned, who will send you, without money and without price, valuable information that will enable you to marry happy and speedily, irrespective of age, wealth and beauty. This information will cost you no thing, and if you wish to marry, I will cheerfully assist you. All letters strictly confidential. The desired information sent by return mail, and no questions asked, address Sarah B. Lambert, Greenpoint, Kings county, New York.